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"And Peace on Earth".

Snowy-white season of love and of peace,
No war nor rebellion thy coming must greet;
No accents of terror, of threat, or despair,
Shall rend the hushed calm of thy midnight air.

Round the bright hearth love glows with the flame,
And the Angel of Peace in the cottage doth reign;
The long lost prodigal to his father returns,
Embraces the mother whose heart still yearns.

What thrills the warm bosoms with joys untold,
Like the Muse's blithe lyre to melody strung?
'Tis the Babe in the manger, lowly and cold,
His mission of peace to Israel hath come.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS. '07.



Christmas Music.

CHRISTMAS is the feast of harmony and good cheer, of benevolence and beneficence. It appeals to the finer emotions of the heart, particularly to those of simple-hearted love and gratitude. Such an atmosphere of joy and calm is, in truth, the ideal mood for music; not for that novel type of sensationalism and wild unrest which keeps the hearer in a constant nervous excitement, but for that simple and harmonious song-melody which is a true and beautiful presentation of the ideals of peace and virtue, and these are the ideals of the vast majority of men. To other festivals, likewise, music is appropriate, but none are of their very nature so inspiring. The simplicity and pathos of the events no less than the joyful tidings of Christmas, are ideas well deserving of music in its purest moments. And so intimately allied is music to Christmas that, from the night made glorious by the song of Cherubim and Seraphim to the end of time, we can conceive of no Christmas without music. At Christmas the exalted joy and sincere love of humanity demand, as it were, to be poured forth in the mighty and inspiring strains of song.

Christmas music is charming in its simplicity. Resembling the sounds of nature (the grandest and most inimitable music ever heard) which are simple and free from the affectation and conceit of art, the music of Christmas is the natural expression of joy and contentment. A simple melody, pure harmony, and even rythm—these are qualities which represent the ever-pleasing sentiments of calm and satisfaction. Add to this that unmistakable air of rejoicing which permeates all music of this season, and who can withstand its attack upon his emotions? Whose heart is not carried

along with such noble sentiments so powerfully and so agreeably and yet so simply presented?

The joy and happiness of the season itself lend additional charm to its music. For the joyful scenes of many Christmas-eves are recalled, nay, reproduced, as it were, by every long-familiar carol. So great is this fascination that the older a Christmas song becomes, the more favor it finds with the people.

Charms are frequently as much the effect of external associations as of intrinsic merit. Christmas music has, however, in addition to the many charms from associations its own worth. Indeed, some art-works of the highest rank sing of the overwhelming ideas of Christmas. Such are especially Handel's "Messiah" and Bach's "Christmas Oratorio". These works have achieved their world-renown because of their true interpretation of the Christmas spirit. This spirit may be portrayed in its beauty and simplicity even through the medium of a complex and elaborate art.

More popular than these, though far inferior in artistic excellence, is Adam's "Noel" of modern times. It strikes the true Christmas chord, and is enlivened by the emotional temperament of a Frenchman. To this latter quality, mainly, it owes its decided preference among the limited repertory of classical Christmas music.

There are many other Christmas songs deserving of our consideration, equally for their popularity as for their artistic merit. Such are Adam's "O Holy Spirit", Sullivan's "It Came upon the Midnight Clear", Salter's "O Little Town of Bethlehem", Hayden's (or rather Gruber's) "Stille Nacht"—to mention only a few at random.

Finally, we dare not underestimate the countless Christmas carols of the common folk, the English no less than the German. Artistically they may be of little value, yet associations of centuries have knit around them charms that will never wane. Like all folk-songs, they breath the spirit of the people and echo their sentiments on this feast of love and peace and joy.

It seems somewhat strange that since Christmas is such

an inspiring theme for music, so few geniuses have devoted their efforts to this subject. But this can be well accounted for. Music is unquestionably the most powerful of the arts for expressing feeling and emotion. Furthermore, all admit that wonderful triumphs have been achieved in the sphere of music. And yet, even the greatest masters—for the greater a man becomes the better he perceives his littleness—have hesitated to treat that grand theme, Christmas. All this goes to emphasize the more the overawing sublimity of Christmas. This is so overwhelming that art, apparently, declines in despair. Many there have been, perhaps, who attempted the task, but lacking the true spirit of Christmas, they failed to give expression to the harmony and simplicity so essential to Christmas music. An artistic Christmas song requires more than mere musical ability; it demands noble sentiments, and a simple, loving faith.

The principal criterion of art is the influence it exerts. If this is wholesome and desirable, all objections regarding the violation of rules are futile. To please and ennoble man, this is the primary object of music, of all art. That Christmas music does this is apparent. It notably adds to the joy and solemnity of the occasion; it deeply impresses the heart with the sublime mysteries that are celebrated; it has become a distinct, a necessary feature of every home celebration during this season. Without music—as well as we can picture it to ourselves—a Christmas celebration will be little less dreary and unwelcome than the season it introduces, winter; with it, the home at Christmas is the very emblem of peace and good will.

Christmas music has other wholesome effects. It creates love for music. The simplicity of a Christmas song appeals to every heart, even to those that are not of the faith. And if the beauties of song once dawn upon the mind, a desire for others will invariably result. Nor does this desire tend to the sensationalism and extravagance of modern music. It makes for harmony and simplicity—for music in which “pure harmonies, unsensational handling of voices, and sweet ideality of feeling are brought to expres-

sion". These elements, agreeable, as they are, to the sense of hearing, and equally well united to poetic conception, awaken reminiscences of youth, "when music was whatever sounded well".

While these influences are far from trivial, a more important effect of Christmas music is its own power for elevating mankind—an effect too powerful to be withstood. The hardest heart is led to sympathy by its touching appeal. For instance, the melodious flow and graphic harmonization of Handel of the phrase "And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all!" Who can sing this strain without feeling regret for his own iniquity? Or, take the other extreme of Christmas music, the carols of the English. They are far away in a lower plane than Handel's music. Granting even that they have little artistic merit, we must at the same time admit, that the true Christmas spirit rings through them, and that at every hearing thousands of charms loom up before our minds. Like all Christmas music, they too, impress us with the sublimity as well as the simplicity of the feast. They raise our hearts and minds to loftier sentiments, to higher ideals, to nobler endeavors, and to a clearer conception of the spirit of peace and good will—of heaven come to earth—which hovers around Christmas.

OTHMAR F. KNAPKE, '06.



The Last of the Czorowskis.

THE UKRAINE, a province of southwestern Russia, was during the latter part of the eighteenth century the scene of a bloody revolution against the iron hand of Russia. Castles and villages were sacked and its most prominent noblemen sent into exile. But the country, naturally one of the loveliest and most fertile on earth, soon recovered and new castles and villages began to appear in place of those burned to the ground. Thus the whole province bore a new aspect.

It was during this time on the vigil of Christmas 1823. The sun was well nigh setting, when the frosty winds and snow-drifts compelled a poor wanderer to ask shelter at the mansion of a nobleman. The doorkeeper beheld a tall, poorly clad person, whose emaciated face and deeply furrowed brow bespoke past sufferings. But his earnest look and the gravity of his speech, which are not found in common vagrants, stirred unusual thoughts in the doorkeeper, who on their account could not refuse him entrance. After bringing the famished man a frugal supper, he led him to a low, dim and neglected chamber, where he was to stay over the Christmas festivities.

The sun had now gone down, and the stars began to twinkle on the clear heavens. As the venerable stranger stood gazing at them through the little window of his chamber, a soothing quietness sank like unearthly balm into his soul. He felt relieved as if he were at the end of all his wanderings, and with a prayer of thankfulness he went to his couch, where sleep soon carried him into the land of oblivion.

And a dream came over his weary soul. He found himself on a couch in a magnificent apartment. Venus, the morning star, was beckoning him with her flickering light. It was Christmas morning. From below there came the sound of laughter of young people, youths and maidens. They were telling each other what presents they had received the evening before, and how they were going to spend the day in merriment, and what propositions they would make to their parents, which they on this day according to custom could not refuse. He felt happy, and it seemed as if all his sufferings were ended, sufferings which for thirty-four years he had endured in exile in the Kirghiz steppes.

Again there was a merry peal of laughter and he awoke. But now it was real, for it was still echoing through the lordly halls; but in his dim chamber he answered it with a sigh. His sweet dream is past, and his spirits begin to droop, when lo ! he hears a gentle tapping at the door and sees a rosy girl clad in white, whose golden locks flow freely down, stepping in, and shyly asking him if he was one of those minstrels who used to come and visit them around Christmas.

"No, rose of Eden," he answered, "never have I been a minstrel; yet strange is that art to me not, for the music of the harp that my grandfather taught me in my childhood, lingers yet in my soul." The girl was delighted with this reply, took him by the hand and bade him follow.

They went into a large hall glittering in rich decorations. On the wall hung in full prominence the escutcheon surrounded by old swords and strange arms, that reminded one of the early wars with the Turks and Tartars. These again were surrounded by the rarest antlers. Right beneath it stood the Christmas tree, sparkling in light and its gold and silver ornaments. On the top of the tree two angels supported an alabaster tablet on which were inscribed "Joy and Benediction". To the right of it hung an old harp, the relic of faintly remembered ancestors. The remaining part of the hall was occupied by people sitting around tables set with varied and delicious viands, and vessels of wine and

mead ready to be served. For on this evening, according to an old Slavonic custom, serfs dine with their masters in token of the love and joy that Christ brought on this night into the world. All were anxiously awaiting the minstrel, for this solemn occasion must be opened by the sound of the harp, which out of reverence is played on this occasion only.

The venerable man stepped in. Having bowed lowly he is led by the little girl to the harp. His eyes fall upon the escutcheon and he begins to falter and tremble. He gazes at the harp and trembles more violently. Amid the hushed silence of the room he takes it and begins to play a melody which seems to fall responsive on the hearts of the graybeards that sit at the table with the master and the lady, for they listen in a rapture and some bow their heads. Now the old man lifts his eyes towards heaven, strikes the chord, and as if inspired he sings:

Look down from high ye angels bright
That led me on in stormy night;
Away you took the veil of gloom
And changed to joy my cursed doom.

This is the holy longed for night
When darkness fled, and God sent light,
And earth sent forth its deepest sigh,
Whilst heaven open'd at the nations' cry

Let God's creation praises sing,
That earth and sky with joy may ring:
For Heaven's Prince descending low
Brought joy and peace to soothe the woe.

Scarcely had he finished this song when a lady weeping in joy rose from the table, rushed toward him and embraced him, exclaiming: "Father, my father!" At which the venerable man: "My daughter, my heart's treasure." Then the nobleman, her husband, who was aside of her, embraced him. For a moment there was a deep silence, broken at last by the faltering and solemn voice of the venerable old man: "As the holy kings led by the star found their treasure, so I was led to you from the land of exile where privations and gloom has been my portion. Oh,

those thirty-four long, long years during which I looked up to heaven for the star that would lead me into the land of my fathers. And now God has led me back on this his natal day. His goodness he thanked forevermore."

At this the nobleman rejoicing, said to him: "My father, God has bestowed the greatest blessing that I am allowed to see you, the defender of our people and the martyr to a noble cause. My heart is open to you; take again as a token of my love this castle and these servants with all their belongings." And whilst he spoke thus he kissed his hands and the serfs bowed in submission. Upon this the venerable man made reply: "Nay, my son, I am old and want nothing. The castle and all its land is thy own and my daughter's." "But you, my children", he said turning to the serfs, "I declare you free from all serfdom and vassalage whatsoever. Divide the land of your village among yourselves. Be this in remembrance of the joy and benediction that Christ has brought into the world on this night."

PAUL WIESE. '08.



Evening.

O gentle sister of the dying day,
Whose breeze and gentle murmurs seem to bring
A peace of heart and a contentment gay
As sweet as that of which the angels sing:
To thee that heart o'erflows with gratitude,
Which thou hath touched in lonely solitude,

JOS. SEIMETZ, '07.

A Winter Reverie.

L ONE and weary, gazing idly
O'er the wind-swept wintry heath
As the twilight shadows deepen
To the waste, a friendly sheath.
The lark no more with music laden
Gleeful skims the summer meads,
And frisking herds in scattered numbers
No longer graze where fragrance leads.

All are gone and naught remaining,
But what touches pity's chord—
O bright verdured days of summer,
Will your joys be e'er restored?
Here where lies a seared bladelet,
Here where rests a blighted bloom,
Lying where the blast had laid them,
Still amid the wintry gloom.

Chilled in heart and soul, still gazing
O'er the tempest's blasted course,
Pond'ring deep in wistful sadness
On fair Nature's withered corse.
Are life's shadows e'en so dreary
Feel they not some hopeful beams?
Can no distant joylit beacon
Gild our sorrow-freighted dreams?

Must I wander lone and weary,
Ever gazing on life's gloom,
Standing by its blasted treasures,
Blossoms ne'er again to bloom?
No! for o'er the dreary meadows
In the spring the sunbeams steal—
When the winds are raging wildest
Then will hope a calm reveal.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

The Hanseatic League.

THE thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were periods of great activity and material prosperity. There was an awakening of the common people. The crusades had stirred the life of nations, and by engaging the attention of the feudal lords elsewhere had left the people free to cultivate the arts of peace rather than those of war. The industries were fostered, not as in our own day in the factory but by the different trades, the members of which banded together into guilds. It was the time of skilled labor, each man desiring to follow a certain trade being required to show no small degree of skill in his handicraft before he was allowed to set up his own workshop. Efficient workmanship was thus secured, and as a result people were prosperous; the cities grew in wealth and population, and all enjoyed a degree of comfort, even luxury, unknown before. Owing to an ever-increasing output of wares, the supply became greater than the demand at home, and the cities looked for extension of trade either in their own country or abroad. But here they were checked by the robber barons and the pirates. What was to be done? The government was unable to afford them adequate protection, and singly they were powerless against them. The cities must unite. Their interests were in common, and having a common foe to oppose they formed one of the strongest combinations that history records, namely the Hanseatic League.

Hamburg which even at that time enjoyed a considerable export trade, suffering heavy losses because some of her cargos were intercepted by pirates before they reached the main waters, formed an alliance in 1219 with Ditmarsh and

Hadeln for the support of a strong marine. But the want of means to carry out the project dissolved the compact a few years later.

In 1241 a like agreement was made between Hamburg and Lubeck, joined in 1247 by Brunswick. This was really the beginning of the Hanseatic League, though it did not accept the name of Hansa (which in old German means a "band" or "crowd" and later on an "association") till 1370. It was founded on a quasi governmental basis and promised the nation hitherto unknown trading facilities. Osnabrueck, Paderborn, Magdeburg, Hildesheim, Breslau, Kulm and many other cities perceiving the advantages, gradually entered the association. These towns were then divided into four districts: the Vandal or Wendic cities of the Baltic; the towns of Westphalia, the Rhineland and the Netherlands; those of Saxony and Brandenburg; those of Prussia and Livonia; with Lubeck, Cologne, Brunswick, and Danzig as their respective capitals. Again Lubeck was recognized as the center of the league, where the grandmaster resided and where the representatives from the four divisions met every three years to consider the needs of the administration.

Besides promoting security against plunderers and lawless seafarers, the Hansa's purpose was to come in contact with all the trading cities of the continent, to regulate competition and to extend commerce abroad. Every precaution was taken against unjust taxation of any kind, and in foreign ports they absolutely demanded the rights of the home-bred citizens. As to the extent of their operation we will quote a paragraph of Fiske, found in his "The Discovery of America":

"Before the end of the thirteenth century the volume of European trade had swelled to great proportions. How full of historic and literary interest are the very names of the centers and leading routes of this trade as it was established in those days, with its outlook upon the Mediterranean and the distant East! Far up in the North we see Wisby giving its name to new rules of international

law; and the merchants of the famous Hansa towns extending their operations as far as Novgorod in one direction, and in another to the Steelyard in London, where the pound of these honest "Easterlings" was adopted as the "sterling" unit of sound money. Fats and tallows, furs and wax from Russia, iron and copper from Sweden, strong hides and unrivaled wools from England, salt, cod and herring (much needed on meagre Church fast-days) from the North and Baltic seas, appropriately followed by generous casks of beer from Hamburg, were sent southward in exchange for fine clothes and tapestries, the products of the loom in Ghent and Bruges, in Ulm and Augsburg, with delicious vintages of the Rhine, supple chain armor from Milan, Austrian yew-wood for English long-bows, ivory and spices, pearls and silks from Italy and the Orient."

One of the largest and strongest of Hanseatic towns was Bergen in Norway. Historians tell us that this northern metropolis long held sway over the coasts of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia. It alone had twenty-one ports, separated by walls and net-works of other fortifications. As this city was the training station for the League, we will describe the establishment maintained there, which was similar to that of other towns.

The Hansa factories planted along the quay were long and spacious wooden structures, from which ponderous bridges extended into the water, where a guide-post also stood to direct the sailor. Fifteen forces of working men, each made up of a master-mechanic, associates and apprentices and living in a sort of family relationship, occupied a single port. A force was in turn under the supervision of a disciplinarian who was held responsible for their proper maintenance as well as conduct. The lower floor of a building was used for the exhibition and storage of wares; the upper occupied by workshops, offices and bed-rooms, a large kitchen and dining hall. The stone building in the rear of every port was divided into a cellarage where valuable articles were stored, and into an ample hall where the laborers during the winter months spent their hours of rec-

reation. Good order prevailed everywhere; all offenders were severely punished. A time was set for work, recreation and sleep; the calm of the night being disturbed only by the occasional barking of cross dogs or by the noise of the soldiers who were on guard. None but unmarried men were employed; women were denied even the privilege of visiting the shops. Whosoever desired to join the league was obliged to spend ten years in Bergen, and from an ordinary apprentice work himself up. In this way he became accustomed to hard work and to the climatic changes of the North.

The amusement of these Hansards are equally interesting. The new members were continually taunted and sported with and put through a "hazing" or initiation process. A few at a time, the young men were taken out on the ocean, where after much forced fun and entertainment they were let down into the cold water and only drawn up when they had become helpless from cold. When again on board they were tormented and lashed until they had seized and put on their clothes.

The flogging game was also a very peculiar one. In the first place the victims were addressed in hortatory words by the alderman or the general manager warning them against disobedience, sloth, inebriety, discord, and all other vices. Then eight or ten officials were appointed to do the flogging. This performance was generally followed by a banquet, at which the sorely tried lads had to serve and wait on their tormentors. All Hansa aspirants underwent this test, and if any declined they were sent home; but if perchance one or the other, overcome with exhaustion, was obliged to retire, his fellow sufferers were commanded to give him another bath in the cold ocean on the following day.

For almost three hundred years the Hansa prospered. Admitting that civilization can only flourish after a good trading system has been established, no institution could have been more useful to the people of Western Europe than this association of merchants. The Hansa advanced

every branch of industry; it opened safe highways and cleared the seas of pirates. Its towns bristling with stores and workshops were connected by roads, and as far as possible by canals; and its own code of laws regulated all foreign as well as inland commerce. In short, the Hanseatic spirit of progress and enterprise was beneficial not only to the cities of the league but to every country of Europe, from Norway and Sweden to Spain and Portugal.

As a power the league was well able to take care of its interests and could match the forces of governments when its old prerogatives were called in question. "Lubeck alone", wrote Aeneas Sylvius in 1458, "possesses so much wealth and influence that the kingdoms of Denmark, Norway and Sweden are accustomed to accept and depose kings at her command." Thus the Hansards defeated kings Eric and Haakon of Norway and king Waldmar III. of Denmark in 1348; deposed Magnus of Sweden and bestowed his crown upon duke Albert of Mecklenburg; and in 1428 equipped a fleet of two hundred and forty-eight ships carrying twelve thousand soldiers against Eric of Denmark. But for all that they never endangered any monarchy; on the contrary, they substantially aided not a few kings, and readily conformed themselves to the customs of the people among whom they were placed.

What a great amount of merchandise must have been handled at that time can be computed from the fact that the province of Holland exported annually eleven hundred cargos of corn; and Danzig, the greatest exchange in the North, sent yearly seven hundred ships laden with grain to London alone. From the large ports it was customary for thirty or forty vessels to set out together accompanied by a limited number of frigates as convoys. When days or weeks had to be passed out on the sea a rigid discipline was observed on deck. Scarcely had half of the journey been made, when the fear of being captured by pirates, or overwhelmed by waves began to seize all hearts. In such cases the captains would exhort the passengers or shipmates to sing or pray for favorable winds. If the confu-

sion continued, a provost, a judge, and four jurors were often chosen, authorized to keep good order and to pass judgments on all violations. Forbidden under a fine, or worse, were swearing, blasphemy, the naming of the devil, sleeping during prayers, walking about with torches, wasting of food, molesting the tapsters or cooks, playing cards after sun-set and annoying fellow-passengers. Those who slept on guard, exposed their weapons, or committed any other mischief received severe bodily punishments. Before the completion of the voyage the provost, having convoked all on board, thanked the officers for their compliance with the crew's requests. Then he asked them all in the name of justice to forget whatever misdemeanor might have taken place and willingly to pardon one another. He furthermore entreated them to swear by Salt and Bread that neither would take revenge; if perchance anyone was encumbered by an unjust decision the privilege was granted him to put his case before the inspector of the port which they were approaching. Accordingly they ate bread and salt and forgave one another cheerfully. The money that had been collected was given to the overseer at the landing, to be distributed among the poor.

In the fifteenth century the Hanseatic League experienced at once the culmination of its commercial renown and the commencement of its decay. For a long time it had embraced the ninety foremost towns of the continent; but when rulers had learned to prize the advantages of their own dominions the tendency grew to restrict the German manufacturer by new legislation, which finally caused them to confine themselves chiefly to Germany. Trading was extensive, nevertheless, until the downfall of Constantinople. The Hansards moreover, through dissensions with England and the Scandinavian peninsula lost their hold in these countries. They were not only expelled from their "steel-yard" in London but defeated in an open sea-battle in 1598 by Drake and Norris, who took sixty-one of their ships. This really crippled the once illustrious Hansa. Her trade went to other powers: to Portugal, which controlled the

new sea-route to India, and Spain and England were expanding in America. Germany's prosperous age was suddenly brought to a close by the disastrous Thirty Years War. Of the Hansa towns all renounced their allegiance at the last diet held in Lubeck in 1630, except Hamburg, Lubeck and Bremen, which remained true to the ancient compact till 1810.

BERNARD WELLMAN, '06.



Mr. Duplicy's Predicament.

THE elections have just been held, and the good people of Besançon, a village of some twelve hundred souls in the Belgian province of St. Etienne, are congratulating themselves upon the choice of their worthy burgomaster for a second term. Some six years ago the election of Mr. Duplicy to this honorable office had stirred considerable wrangling between the "Reds" and the "Blacks," but time had so calmed the bitter feeling of the defeated party that the "Blacks" readily endorsed the re-election of Mr. Duplicy at the recent balloting.

Evidently such proofs of respect and affection deeply impressed themselves upon the heart of the old burgomaster, and he resolved not to abate his liberality and kindness to the villagers. Mr. Duplicy was an amiable sort of a man. His whole exterior bespoke the qualities which ordinarily mark the venerable head of the village. He was a man of strong bodily form, with head of more than ordinary size. A short black beard, profusely mixed with gray, hiding the greater part of his broad, masculine face; and large gray eyes, clouded by bushy brows, all contributed to win for him the respect and admiration due to such an important personage as the burgomaster of Besançon.

In addition to personal excellencies, Mr. Duplicy was not unblest with earthly goods, which fact alone confirmed his title to the eminent office to which he had recently been re-elected. He was engaged in the nursery business, and the greater part of the young people found employment in his large orchards. When the government advertised for trees to be planted along the highways, he had wisely accepted the contract, and as these were demanded in ever increasing quantities, his affairs prospered. His mental attainments, however, we regret to say, had remained a little in the rear of his other acquisitions, which fact, even if it was not altogether unknown to the old gentleman, did not materially disturb his equanimity.

The prominence to which Mr. Duplicy was raised both by his office and his business, naturally brought him into contact with various people out of town. His name sounded as familiar in the remotest parts of the province as at home. Apart from the number of business men with whom he had dealings, other conspicuous personages, such as lawyers and judges from the capital city, thought it pardonable to descend so far from the higher plane of their existence as to admit the humble burgomaster into their circle, which act of condescension was rewarded by the old gentleman in a material way, especially by placing at their disposal his well stocked wine-cellar.

If there was anything reprehensible in the old man's character, it was a species of vanity which caused him to value unduly the distinction conferred upon him by the company of these city-folk, and to put public honor and the admiration of his fellow townsmen at too high an estimate. But there was another weakness which, though not accompanied with baneful consequences to the world at large, was the source of some trouble to him! This was his passion for hunting. On this point, however, we must be indulgent with Mr. Duplicy, for it is clear that, the original strength of his eyes having been considerably diminished by years, he would never have contracted a predilection for the sport, which in European countries demands high license, had not

some of his visitors from the capital, especially a judge and two lawyers, been much given to hunting. They made frequent excursions into the country, enjoying the permission of the burgomaster to hunt upon his lands, and incidentally to feast at his table. No wonder Mr. Duplicity succumbed to their entreaties to align himself with them against rabbits and foxes and the whole world of game.

Mr. Duplicity was of course not averse to be seen with the great men from the city in full hunter's regalia, and as to the obligation assumed of hitting the mark once in a while, one might trust to luck. Then there was the old forester Cecil Letourneau to fall back on. This individual, who guarded the forests of the government adjoining Mr. Duplicity's nursery, was an expert shot, sly as a fox, as they said, and could keep a secret. Many a tender quail that graced the table of the city lawyer owed its death to his fine marksmanship, when it was officially given out that it had succumbed to the lawyer's unerring aim. To him, therefore Mr. Duplicity could turn in cases of bad luck, which were indeed more than frequent. And, though every child in the village knew the secret, still he was complimented by young and old when marching in full hunter's costume through the village, carrying a rabbit or fowl in his bag. It might mean a treat to some of the fortunate ones who paid their tribute to the old man's sureness of aim.

As time went on, however, the novelty of the spectacle somewhat waned, and the people became indifferent as to the manner in which their old burgomaster sought to recreate himself in his favorite sport. A peculiar event unfortunately turned the minds of the villagers again to the old topic.

St. Sylvester, the eve of New Year, approached, and that generally meant a pleasant gathering at the burgomaster's for his particular friends from the capital, the judge and the two lawyers. By common agreement the party would spend the early part of the day in search for game for the New Year's dinner, and then pass the rest of the day in good quiet enjoyment at home.

On the evening of that day the burgomaster was in the best of moods. "I'll wager the price of my gun", he said to his friends, "that I bring home the rabbit to-day; there is one among my young fruit-trees, and I am going to blow the light out of him before it is twelve o'clock."

The four set out in the brisk morning wind and soon separated in various directions. Mr. Duplicity took the outer road leading past his fruit-trees. As the morning grew on, his heart began to thump and his eyes were riveted in one direction. "I hope the old 'Fox' kept his word," he muttered to himself, as he spied some uncertain object in the distance. "Ah, what is that white spot under that tree! That's it, there is no mistake!"—Bang! Bang! Slowly the smoke curled into the air and—there remained the white speck unharmed. "Deceived", the old man gasped in suppressed anger. "Ha, he shall suffer for this; he shall pay for it."

That afternoon a dull atmosphere weighed upon the company, and none could assign the cause. The old burgomaster could not muster up any interest in the conversation.

"Tiens, tiens, Mr. Duplicity, cheer up", said the judge, as he raised his glass to the health of the host, "that's hunter's luck; you could hardly expect that rabbit to wait there until you came. Why, nonsense, man, some of your fine spring roosters will do admirably for tomorrow. What do you say, gentlemen? Suppose we go out and try our skill. I'll wager 'Philax', my dog, that I can drive the first bullet through the head of any of them."

"Take him up, Mr. Duplicity", said the lawyer, "that'll be real amusement." "I am with you", cried the other, "let's be out at once."

But just at this moment the door opened, and in stepped a severe looking individual clad in gendarme's uniform. After a bow and excuse to the company, he addressed the burgomaster in short official tones thus: "Your honor, one of your employes has been arrested for transgressing the law forbidding any and all persons without license to indulge in trailing or shooting game at night. I caught him

this morning at six o'clock between the government forest line and the boundary of your lands with a rabbit in his bag, which my duty compelled me to confiscate. I await your decision, Mr. Mayor, whether I should file his case immediately or wait till after New Year's?" This speech elicited various opinions according to the different temperaments of the members of the company.

"My man! A rabbit! Arrested on my premises!"

It was the burgomaster who spoke first, and a sudden nervousness lay in his words.

"Where is the man? Where is the rabbit?" exclaimed both lawyers and judge. "Ha! ha! we can have a preliminary trial right here. Bring both in at once, gendarme."

While this exciting scene took place in the room where the company was so unexpectedly diverted from carrying out their plan, a no less interesting dialogue took place between two men in the court-yard.

"How am I going to get out of this trouble?" The speaker was the accused man who was addressing the old hunter, the latter having arrived in time to hear the story of his arrest.

"Laugh yourself out of it, man. It's only a pity tomorrow is New Year's, or we would have some real fun with those two lawyers about the rabbit."

"Ye—yes", stammered the other, "but that is not relieving me any. I told the gendarme that I found the rabbit strung by his head to a little tree; he might have hanged himself for all I know. At any rate, I'll spend a poor New Year's tomorrow."

"Set your mind at ease", returned the hunter. "Call out the burgomaster, and I will remove all cause of your anxiety at once."

A moment later the old hunter met the fiery countenance of the burgomaster with a chuckle:

"I am sorry, affairs took such an unlucky turn, Mr Duplicy. But what surprises me most now is that, when according to our stipulations I should tie a dead rabbit to one of the little fruit-trees, so that you could prove to your friends

that in point of marksmanship you were still on a level with them, neither you nor I stumbled upon the possibility that the rabbit might be appropriated before you had a chance to fire at it, and thus get an innocent man into difficulties. That's a puzzle to me indeed, Mr. Duplicity."

"I knew you would not fail, old fox", returned the burgomaster, slipping a coin into the palm of Cecil Letourneau, as he pressed it. "But," he added in an undertone, "keep dark about it."

No preliminary trial was held that day, and as the company sat down to table Mr. Duplicity resolved to be more careful in the future in procuring his game.

MAURICE E. EHLENGER, '06.



The Indian Maiden's Quest.

Soft the dying light of even round her waving tresses plays,
Across the fields the winter sunset streaming through the frosty
haze;

Brightly dance the fleeting sunbeams round those searching,
mournful eyes,

Glittering on the snowy mantle that across the prairie lies.

White the pearly luster rises round her garment wild and chill,

Flitting o'er those cheeks of amber, playful as a rippling rill.

There she stood amid the snowdrifts, gazing wistful and alone,

Till before the shrouding shadows hence the sunlight far had
flown.

Hard across the frozen meadow buried in the driven snow,

Dark against a crystal background, lay a rough-built cottage low;

Peaceful burned the cheering firelight on the cabin's lowly
hearth,

Flitting through each hidden crevice o'er the evening's curtain
swarth.

Bleak and silent spread the meadows whitened through the
gloomy night,
Darting o'er its joyous glimmers from the holy Christmas light.
Out upon the frozen prairies loud the blasts of winter moan;
Sweeping o'er the crusted desert, winter voices weirdly groan.
Simple notes of rustic gladness flutter from the battered cot,
Fearful tempting winter's tempest wildly rising o'er the spot.

In the darkness long she lingered, heeding not the biting blast.
 Musing o'er the happy cottage, buried in the snowdrifts vast
 Sudden now, as speeds the arrow to the fervid heart its goal,
 Eager o'er the icy carpet through the shadows swift she stole:
 By the bearskin window ling'ring soft her creaking footfalls cease:
 Against the weathered beeches leaning as their gladness sweeps
 its keys.

List'ning to the Christmas music from the depths of rugged
hearts,

Lis'tning to the hymns of Noel unalloyed by culture's arts;
List'ning there amid the shadows, shadows Christmas eve will
bring;

While the gusts across the prairie rough the snowdrifts round her
fling.

Open glide the shattered panels hewn in summer's simmering
heat,

Out upon the snowy darkness, over nature's winding sheet,
Streams the warmth of Noel's gladness, streams the breath of
sweet content,

Flutt'ring in the maiden's tresses, with the gloom then sighing
blent.

O'er the log-built cabin singing angels join those pleasures sweet,
Hov'ring o'er the lonely maiden guiding soft her nimble feet.

Modest passed the Indian maiden, pausing on the threshold poor:
Low she spake in accents murmuring as the winds across the moor:
"Fear not, O wondering paleface, my presence breathes but peace!
"Fleet I go ere breaks the morrow, treading far yon frozen fleece."
Sportive bright the Yule-fire glistened, sparkling in her limpid
eyes:

Dark fantastic round her garments flick'ring shadows weirdly rise.
 "What wishest thou, O maiden stranger, near our happy hearth
 this night?"

Low the rugged father murmured, soft the simple mother bright,
“Simple is my quest, O paleface, whence the campfires smolder sad;
Tell me, for your eyes are honest, why this eve your hearts
are glad.”

Joyful spake the simple mother, clasping close her nursling dear,
Prattling babe the maiden's shadow stirred from Yule delights to
fear.

"Yes", she spake in gladsome accents, "on this eve was born a
Child:

Ages since our Saviour Jesus as an Infant sweet and mild."

"True then taught the Black Robe pale face;" answered soft the
dark browed maid,

Of a little Manitou he told us once in fireless wigwam laid.

Since the rising moon of winter stood I mid these snowy plains;

Every even when the sunlight from the ashen heaven wanes.

Seven sunsets have I tarried in your cabin's shadows low,

Wistful longing that each crevice show the flame of mirth aglow:

For the Father ever chanted of the eyes that brightly gleamed

With the smile of little Manitou, on the night when first it
beamed.

Now my heart is light and peaceful; clear are now his gentle words;

Now I must away to wigwams where the brave his wampum girds."

Winged light into the darkness darting o'er the frozen fleece,

Away she flutters through the shadows, shadows sleeping now in
peace

Pale the moon through cloudrifts shimmers, glitt'ring on the
pearly snow,

Lightly spreading o'er her pathway beams of mellow winter glow.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.



“Pastores.”

DURING the Middle Ages, dramatic entertainments, as is well known, were of a religious nature. At first the Mysteries or Miracle-plays held the boards, and later on the Moralities. Relics of these plays are found in various localities in Great Britain as well as on the continent, notably in Southern Germany, Austria and Switzerland, but it may not be generally known that these plays were also transplanted to the New World, and are still enacted. But such is actually the case. As a little boy I had the good fortune to witness what I suppose is a real medieval Mystery or Miracle-play. It was in a southwest Texan city, and there as well as in New Mexico and probably also in other sections of Spanish America, it is regularly performed at Christmas time. The play is called “Pastores” and although it was rendered in Spanish, with which I was but slightly familiar, it made such a vivid impression upon my mind that I shall attempt to describe it.

“Pastores” is a queer play and a unique composition. For while intending to portray the circumstances connected with the Birth of Christ, it also acquaints us with the contemporaneous eruption and confusion in Satan’s dominions.

As a mixture of the pathetic, the comic, and the stirring elements, the play alternately wakens sympathy for Mary and Joseph, and sends a current of terror and suspense through the frame, in depicting the fiendish proceedings in Hades.

Pastores opens with a fiery discourse between Lucifer and Beelzebub, in the course of which new schemes are devised to undermine the designs of Providence, to counteract the work of Redemption, and to blast forever the hopes of the human race. The Archangel Michael suddenly appears upon the scene, foils them in their bold attempts and repeats in glowing words the divine promise given in Paradise. During which the two demons crouch and retreat slowly but defiantly into the lurid back-ground.

Following the apparition of the archangel, hell itself gives us a partial display of its inhabitants and dingy precincts. There is Satan's palace-hall where his red-robed Majesty sits enthroned and with graceful contortions of his horny pate acknowledges the respect of his courtiers, who in sombre red and with swishing tails beat time to their mysterious song of tribute to the trident, which they sing while dancing around the throne. Meanwhile the monsters traditionally believed to haunt the lower regions slowly advance in single file before their master. Now a horrible dragon, then a sleek serpent, followed by the fabulous griffon. The occasional flashes in the background define the outlines of this moving spectacle, which is so realistic that it causes a sudden check and temporary trance in the gaping spectators.

As a relaxation from this mental tension, a very comical scene is thrown in, to add to the uniqueness of the play. Two bravados meet one another on very unfriendly terms; the one a popular liar, the other a ubiquitous eavesdropper. One tries to clear himself of his own guilt by exaggerating that of his adversary. Whereupon a quarrel ensues. The clashing swords bring their owners in close communication. They clinch, wrestle, and fall. During the scuffle the liar very ingeniously slips a huge and disproportioned ear over the head of the eavesdropper so as to rest it on the natural organ; but in the act himself does not escape the addition of a few feet of tongue so proverbial of the liar. At this juncture an enormous devil's head glides along the stage, as if just peeping out of his sulphurous chasm. The two contestants rise for a second round; but perceiving the ogre when it is just in the act of revolving its cyclopean eyes in their protruding sockets, the bravados collapse, and alternately cross the forehead, lips and breast with marked rapidity, and choked with terror they extend their hands for tecton. Another twirl of the huge and glaring eyes, with a lash of the tongue, and the spectre vanishes.

When the curtain rises a third time all is changed. The gruesome views of the nether world have disappeared

amid their smoke and flames. An immaculate winter-scene unfolds itself before the audience, while angels resting upon clouds chant Glorias to the new-born King. Swiftly they glide across the stage, pause for a moment, and are lost to view. The shepherd's cot is seen in the distance with its lowly inmates standing at the door, awe-stricken at the wondrous event. Then the touching portrayal of Mary and Joseph tramping the frozen ground to seek shelter in the inns. But the surly inhabitants are insensible to their pleadings, and in recognition of the gentle rap on the panel they thrust their despicable faces from out the casements only to deride and spit upon the humble couple. This scene is particularly vivid and impressive.

Reduced to the last extremity, the two characters impersonating Mary and Joseph enter the stable and remain there till the adoration of the Magi; which scene ends the play.

Considering the great amount of work and skill employed in managing the ever shifting scenery, and the ingenuity itself in the application of such novel methods of portraying certain scenes bordering almost on the impossible, "Pastores" is a remarkable play, and its enactors deserve no mean praise for inventive genius and stagecraft.

It is crude and grotesque of course, but this is overlooked by a fervid and imaginative and withal simple people. The auditors are tense with interest and emotion, and the actors themselves evidently live in their parts, thus making some unnatural things seem very natural. All regard the enactment of this play as a sacred annual duty, much as the people of Oberammergau regard their wonderful Passion Play.

Seeing this play, one can well understand how the people of the Middle Ages must have cherished their sacred dramas, when religion was a matter of much more concern than at present. Even if artistically unsatisfactory, they surely were a source of much edification and instruction.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS, '07.

A Happy New Year.

LIKE the golden sunset splendors
Lights of gladness pass away,
And the night with all her beauty
Follows in her dark array.
Thus has fled across our vision
The year into eternity;
Gone forever, lost forever,
In a vast and boundless sea.

And the New Year stands before us,
With a smiling face so bright;
Is it truth or vile deception—
This, thy smiling winsome sight?
Tell me what is in thy bosom,
Roses decked with pearly dew?
Thorns with glist'ning tear-drops sprinkled?
Storms, or heaven's sunny blue?

Skip amid the snowy meadows,
Drink the balmy morning air,
Soon the noon-day blaze will wither
All the flowers, however fair.
Listen to the bells' sweet chorus,
They enchant thy happy ear;
Soon thou'lt hear the tempest groaning—
Even now 'tis drawing near.

Sing the song of youthful gladness,
Sing, thy heart knows naught of grief;
Sing, for lo! the morning hours
Though so blissful, are so brief.
Let the sunny springtime gleamings
Beam upon thy budding heart;
May thy soul rejoice in gladness,
And thy innocence ne'er depart!

DAVID FITZGERALD, '07.

A Double Victory.

HAL FLETCHER and Jack Preston were seated in their room at Thursdale University talking about the Thanksgiving day game. Fletcher, his dark, handsome face contracted into a deep frown, was biting his fingernails viciously. There was a short silence; then he said, "I'll tell you what, Jack, old chum, Gillian will play Thanksgiving, and I'll be substituted. If I do," he continued angrily, "I'm going to go to Robinson. I can make the team there."

"Nonsense," replied the other quickly, "You have two long weeks, and if you get down to practice, you can easily beat Gillian." Jack spoke assuringly, but deep down in his heart he had serious misgivings. Hal was a great player, he knew, but he was erratic. One day he would play a star game, the next his playing would be so poor as to cause the exasperated coach to bench him.

Just then the clock struck ten. It was class hour for both. As they trudged off to their respective classes, Jack was singularly quiet. He could not rid himself of the thought of Hal's condition. All the day he was listless and absent-minded. His practice that evening was extremely poor. After he had made three successive fumbles, "Old" Master-son rushed up to him and said angrily, "That will do for today, now." And a sub was called in his place. But he did not mind them. All his thoughts were centered on Hal. The more he thought of him, the more he worried. He knew Hal meant it when he said he would quit and go to Robinson. It only added to his trouble, when he remembered that Johnson, the Robinson coach, had offered Hal a place on the team if he would go to school there.

What should he do? Had he the right to play so that Hal would get his place? Did he not owe it to the dear old

Varsity to let personal feeling aside when it came to defending her honor on the athletic field? Then he thought of Hal. How kind he had always been to him. How disappointed he would feel if he failed. Long into the night he debated what to do. At last he decided. He tried to feel alright about it, but two big tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of giving up his coveted position, and a big lump obstinately stuck in his throat,

Nevertheless he adhered to his resolution. His poor practice continued for a week. Then he was benched, and Hal took his place. Masterson, the old coach, was sorely disappointed, for Jack was the only good kicker on the team. "There is only one thing left," he said disconsolately, "now since Preston has gone fine, I must practice up Benton. I counted on Preston kicking at least one field goal. It's too bad!"

The days rolled by quickly for everyone except Jack. To him they were like lead. Hal made wonderful progress and "Old" Masterson praised him. One day he came in and said, "Gee, Masterson says I am doing great, and——then he noticed the pained expression on Jack's face and paused abruptly. Walking up to him he said, "It's tough luck, old boy," and Jack somehow felt consoled.

* * *

It was Thanksgiving. The big game was on. Both teams were playing a resolute game. The ball had exchanged hands ten times in almost as many minutes. Slowly but surely Robinson's superior weight was beginning to tell. At last she got the ball on Thursdales five yard line. Here the wearers of the blue made a desperate stand. Twice they held, but on the third the ball was pushed over. Johnson kicked an easy goal. Score Robinson, 6; Thursdale, 0.

With but six more minutes to play, the wearers of the blue began to make some stunts. Robinson kicked to Hal, who carried the ball twenty yards. Smith went round right end for five yards more. Pierce hit left guard for nine. The ball was in the middle of the field. Robinson obtained

it on downs, but lost it immediately when Benton fell on a fumble. Suddenly Hal, guarded by Smith, broke away from the bunch. There was only the little quarter to pass. Pierce bumped into him and both rolled. Hal sped on. Just as he reached the ten yard line he sprained his ankle and fell. He was up in an instant, and with a mighty effort he staggered across for a touch down. He was unable to kick goal.

Now was a trying moment for the dear old "Blue". If Benton failed, they knew they would never make another touch-down. Benton was evidently nervous. He kicked. There was a suspense. Both sides anxiously watched the score-board. Robinson, 6; Thursdale, 5.

Something like a groan came from the royal blue rooters. The whistle blew, and the half was over. Between halves Jack went in quest of Hal. He found him lying on a mattress in the gym.

"How's your ankle, old boy?" he said cheerily. "Gee, that run was great. Too bad, Benton missed the goal."

"I guess, my ankle is pretty bad," replied the other dolefully, "because Jackson won't let me go in next half."

"I wish I'd get a chance!" exclaimed Jack.

"You surely will," replied the other. Just then the whistle blew for the second half. Jack hurried away.

Thurston went into Hal's place. The battle was raging furiously for about five minutes, when Gillian, after a down was too weak to continue, and a sub was called. Jack tugged nervously at his sweater. No, it was Boland who pulled off his big blue sweater with a happy smile. Jack fell back muttering, "That's what I deserve for disappointing people."

The game went on. Fifteen minutes passed. After one of the downs, when the two teams had untangled, Thurston limped out from among the mole-skinned crowd, and as he had proven weak on the defensive, Masterson decided to substitute. He nodded to Jack, and with a bound Jack reached the coach's side. Masterson said, "See here, we rely on you, Preston;" that was all.

Jack played a great game. At last, with only a minute

to play, the ball on Robinson's forty yard line Jack dropped back for a kick. He opened his hands. It seemed as if the ball would never come. He caught it, dropped it, and kicked squarely.

Hardly had the ball left his foot when a big crimson man bounded against him, and he went down. He tried to sit up and follow the ball but he was too dazed. Oh! the suspense of that moment. He waited anxiously. Suddenly a great cheer broke out. He heard,

Rah, rah, rah,

Rah, rah, rah,

Rah, rah, rah, Preston.

He turned and saw them racing towards him to bear him off in triumph. A happy smile lit up his face. He had gained a double victory.

W. J. TOMPKINS, '09.



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Editorials.

TO THE FACULTY, the Venerable Brothers and Sisters, and the students, and to all our friends, the Collegian extends the greetings of the season. May Christmas' cornucopia be filled with the choicest blessings for everyone, and may the New Year be happy and prosperous.



THE STUDENTS had the great pleasure, during November, of participating in a triduum in honor of Blessed Caspar del Bufalo, the founder of the Community of the Most Precious Blood.

Heretofore Caspar del Bufalo has been but a name to the majority of the students, but now through the instrumentality of Father George his name and many virtues are known and cherished by all.

One of the most impressive features of this saint's life is its very simplicity. Unlike other saints, his history is not crowded with legends and stories of wonderful deeds which defy imitation, but his is a story of a simple, pure, and beautiful life. It is so real that it must of very necessity inspire one with fervor and the desire of emulation.



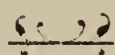
JUST as some ignorant people scoff at the idea of the necessity of education and actually carry their derision so far as to despise an educated man, just so there are some ignorant people who imagine they can acquire an education without culture. Culture means good manners, and good manners cover quite a broad field. No matter how much a man may know of the classics and sciences if, he is not cultured he is not educated, and he will be called a boor. To acquire culture one must not forget his neighbor's comforts, his rights, and well being. People who are uncouth in their table manners, or who talk and laugh while some one is performing on a musical instrument, are certainly not thinking of their neighbor's rights and comforts. This latter class are generally, to use a plebeian expression, as common as dish-water, and even if some people are not guilty of culture, self-pride ought to induce them to try to escape this appellation.



DID YOU ever compare the noise of a large old style fire-cracker to that of a small modern cannon cracker? The big fellow looks very formidable and the little fellow is very unpretentious. Take the comparison and apply it to some of the students whose mouth and "cute" manners have given them a surface popularity, and then to some who are not cursed with the "rubber neck", and whose popularity is deep rooted. The first class may make a big splurge, but the second is going to make more noise in the world. "Push" and "Energy" are the correct elements of success, but when they become offensive it is time to temper them.

WE OFTEN hear the expression "That fellow must have swallowed the dictionary." Those who use this phrase are either jealous of another person's vocabulary or they are on an inferior educational plane. One often hears words whose use prove they have not been properly digested, and in that case if propriety admits we should try to correct the mistake, but there is one thing against which we would like to warn students, especially those in the lower classes. Unless you are positive that a person is using words in a vain-glorious way you should never accuse him of "swallowing the dictionary".

One of the best means of writing graceful, and idiomatic English is to use correct, even elegant expressions in your conversation. Having done this you will find that when you need them you will not have any difficulty in finding them. Thus if one person casts some aspersion on another on account of his choice of words, he does him an almost irreparable injury, for unless a person has a very strong character he will lose all his literary ambition. Do not therefore ridicule the attempts of your fellow students to use better English.



NO STUDENT wishes to be considered narrow-minded, but there is one study at least in which there is a very large latitude for narrowmindedness, and that is literature. In order to thoroughly appreciate the merits and demerits of an author a little more than a perusal of some criticism is necessary. Some students have prejudices against different authors, and in many cases they are not able to advance reasons for their dislike except such given by some iconoclastic critic. There are many who have never even read the author which they condemn, and there are others who read a book once and having failed to get into the spirit of the author, they set themselves up as critics nonpareil.

This is certainly not a sign of a broad mind. The man who can set his prejudices aside and study a work and then compare his notes with those of the critics not only

broadens his already broad mind, but he receives all the sweets of literature.



AT PRESENT we seem to have another of those sporadic revivals of the discussion concerning the usefulness and aims of the study of Greek and Latin. We are not conscious of any undue partiality for either of these studies, least of all for Greek, but we admit that the arguments advanced in favor of both are deserving of our serious attention. Of course we must study them, whether we will or no, but to be told by such an eminent authority as President Hadley of Yale that Greek is superior to modern languages and to other studies as a means of "mental discipline and mental culture" is, to say the least, encouraging, and may incidentally help us to get better grades. This then, seems to be the point; That, even if Latin and Greek are not desired for practical use, we will do well to study them for the mental training they afford, as they are a better means for acquiring habits of accuracy of thought and power of reasoning than any other; that, in plain words, they simply make us study, and study carefully. Above all, the student must think and exert his mind, not be a mere receptacle into which the professor may pour his information. And Greek and Latin compel him to do so. No way of concealing your ignorance, there! Of simulating wisdom! He can't give answers that are all embracing, as those of the Delphic oracle. Is it *tradit* or *tradunt*, *vivere* or *vixisse*, *Homerus* or *Homerum*, the *oratio obliqua* or *directa*, the active or the passive voice? It's a case of either, or. Similarly in Greek: It is Active or Passive or Middle, Subjunctive or Optative; it is the pluperfect aorist, gnomic or historic aorist; is it *apekteinto* or *apethauon*, *lepcei* or *lepsetai*?

Of course, mental discipline could be had in the study of modern languages and in many other ways, but some students not being over fond of it, and some, it is said even positively averse, it is best procured through Latin and

Greek, where, as we said before, it is a case of "must". President Hadley's observations, which came to us through the medium of the *Catholic Fortnightly Review*, are as follows:

"It was a severe disappointment to some of our educational reformers that the boys who came to college with substitutes for Greek, which were useful and interesting, did not generally have the needed mental discipline and power of precise thought. The 'literary' or select courses of twenty years ago were places of intellectual dissipation rather than of intellectual work. The boys who had learned to talk French and make scientific experiments might have been much interested in their studies at school, but they did not show a corresponding power to pursue their subsequent studies at college. The reason for this gradually became obvious. If a boy studied French because it was useful for him to talk French, or studied science because it was interesting for him to ascertain scientific facts, the teacher was tempted to put the usefulness and interest of the study into the foreground and let insistence upon laborious effort and accurate result fall into the background. A boy who talked French tolerably well but was inaccurate in his constructions, was not nearly as efficient, in college or afterwards, as the boy who read Greek with a good deal of difficulty; but was precise in his knowledge of the grammar as far as he went. The fact that Greek was hard to learn and of little practical use when learned, guarded the teacher against the peril of making ease of attainment and facility of use the primary goals of his effort. It prevented him from letting his teaching degenerate into a process of cramming for certain expected needs of life; it compelled him to treat it as a process of discipline to prepare the pupil for any needs that might rise. If I want a college graduate in the employ of my railroad, said a general manager of one of our largest systems, I want a boy who has learned to use books hard and use them accurately, and I feel surer that he has learned that lesson over a Greek dictionary than over almost any other book that exists, because there is so little temptation to use a Greek dictionary in any other way."

Exchanges.

THE *Fordham Monthly* for November appeared to us a little too heavy. One weighty article gives the college paper a poise, but three or four knowledge stocked essays are a little oppressive. We admit that Fordham is now an university, but simplicity is the garb of greatness. The alumni also use their pen too lavishly in the *Monthly's* pages. Why not give your productions to some magazine where they would do more good and reflect greater honor upon your Alma Mater? Still we always pick up the *Fordham Monthly* with the presentiment that we will receive something worth reading. In this number the story, "Truthful Thomas Makes Remark" has the coloring of the modern short story with all its ingenious conceits.

The *St. Jerome Schoolman* made a step in the right direction when they discarded their former title, "The Bee". Besides this we would like to see more beauty in arrangement and typography. The *Schoolman's* editors give us well-written, thoughtful essays, but they are wanting somewhat in literary polish. The exchanges, especially, have the right tone and spirit; but why does not the Exman stand up for his rights and obtain more space? One thought from that column, of vital interest to every college journal's staff, we cite here in full: "Nearly every college in the land engages a high salaried coach to train a few students in playing football. Would it not be more praiseworthy and more elevating to exercise a similar enthusiasm in the field of journalism?"

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* drops in upon us occasionally, always with something readable. The *Scholastic's* essays do not forever try to impress us with the fact that they carry the thoughts of embryo LL.D.s. Many a good story and often a bit of innocent sentimentality finds a place in its literary pages.

The Christmas number of the *Exponent* does not breathe enough of Yuletide lightness and cheer. For the lack in the contents it surely makes up by its fine Christmas engravings. The stories have the Christmas atmosphere. "The Mudasupous" is humorously original; the others are too much of the fearfully serious style. *Exponent*, your essays would be more interesting, if you would bring the teaching element more to the background. Most of your readers have a greater taste for the literary.

The *Marquette College Journal* reminded us too much of the pamphlets grandiloquent of the merits of a breakfast food. Almost every page is somewhat of an advertisement for Marquette College, which is the unsurpassed ideal college. Come, cast off such a prosaical atmosphere and produce something compatible with the idea of a college paper. The literary talents are not wanting, as the few articles give evidence, they need but be fostered.

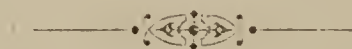
One glance at the contents of the *Pittsburg College Bulletin* caused our courage to sink. We were loath to dive into the heavy historical dissertations, its two solitary articles. But having succeeded we were amply rewarded by our learning of facts and incidents unknown to us; at least in "Pius VII and Napoleon I". Mahomet's Attack on Europe" is not not much more than pickings from general history. The editorial on 'football' is above the average arraignment of that much offending sport. To pit a paid and professional squad against students is undeniably wrong.

The *St. Vincent's Journal* is tasteful in make-up and well written for a staff of Sophomores and Freshmen. The poetry pleased us most, having more polish and dignity than the prose. The article, "Carnival of Graft" should be retitled, "Carnival of Quotations" by one who should not meddle with graft and such things. "The Great Culpepper" was something relishing—but who wrote it? It had no signature, and we had full right to surmise the worst. But please, Exman, can you not give more than one small page?

The *Laurel* is one of those exchanges for which, forgetting our own dignity, we dive eagerly after into Uncle Sam's leather bag. It seldom disappoints us, and the November number has the same tasteful unassuming appearance. The articles all have the literary cast, but should be shorter and more numerous. In "Dryden's Place in English Literature" the pleasing style of the author disguises the fact that the matter savors of the text book. Our perusal of "American Trusts" almost undermined our favorite conviction. It was but momentary, however, and we repeat that students should shun such subjects. Their time to mingle in life's stern discussions will come soon enough after they leave their Alma Mater.

Our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our friends of the ex-world; especially to the members of our ever increasing family, the *Collegians*. We have now the *St. Ignatius Collegian*, *St. Thomas Collegian*, *St. John's Collegian*, *THE Collegian Oakland*, and our humble self. All are thriving, we are happy to say, and give promise of doing still better.

VICTOR W. Meagher, '03.



Personal.

Joy wells up in our hearts to again see in our midst the beloved Bishop Alerding and the Very Rev. Boniface Russ. We wish to express our happiness at their safe return from the Eternal City after an absence of over two months.

The College has secured the services of Mr. G. C. Klostermann as professor in the Commercial department, and associate professor of science: Mr. Klostermann's profession is that of Civil engineer, and as such he has done very successful work in different parts of the country, but he has also had the benefit of a thorough business course, and is prepared to do efficient work in this. We extend to him cordial and respectful welcome.

The promising reports of Rev. Andrew Gietl C. PP. S. are welcome news to his many friends. The beloved rector of St. Joseph's Brotherhouse is now spending a year abroad in the hope of recovering from the

effects of a paralytic stroke received last winter. His sterling character and indefatigable zeal for God's honor made him the friend of all. Our good wishes and prayers for a speedy convalescence accompany him in the foreign land.

December the second, third and fourth were days of extraordinary grace for the inmates of St. Joseph's. A Triduum in honor of Bl. Casper del Bufalo, the founder of the Community of the Most Precious Blood, was conducted by the Rev. Father George. He depicted the saintly life of the Bl. Caspar in burning words of eloquence. He appealed to the students to imitate the life of this modern Saint who was imbued with the thoughts and feelings of our own day. The ever memorable words of Bl. Caspar del Bufalo, "I will not, I dare not, I cannot" which he uttered with great emphasis when summoned before the French tribunal, to swear allegiance to the French regime, are deeply engraven upon our hearts. We feel the necessity of a staunch character in these times and may well adopt him, this glorious Saint of the nineteenth century, for our patron.

Mr. Wm. Hanley '03, spent a few pleasant days with his old friends and classmates at the College. We are not surprised to see Mr. Hanley make such successful strides in the commercial world; his zeal and ambition lead us to hope still greater distinctions for him. And we are glad to note that he is not forgetting his friends at College.

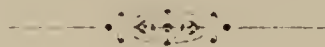
The Normal wing of last year's graduating class may feel themselves somewhat slighted in not seeing their names in the last number of the Collegian. To remedy this defect we wish to state that L. Huelsman has assumed the duty of teaching at Oakland, Ohio; Mr. J. Lieser at St. Henry, Ohio; Mr. B. Schmitz at Cassella, Ohio. Now, boys you can take revenge for the bitter pills you had to swallow during your school days!

Thanksgiving was a most delightful day at St. Joseph's. The only shadow that clouded the day's festivities was the cruel murder of so many well fattened turkeys. Verdict against them was given by the unanimous vote of the students and even the professors nodded a silent assent. But aside from this the many social entertainments and visits of beloved ones all contributed to render it a day of general rejoicing and good cheer. The day's enjoyments were crowned by the beautiful drama "A Celebrated Case." Never in the annals of the College did the students of St. Joseph's have such sway over the audience; and repeated and prolonged applause reward them at different moments in the play and after the acts. A large number of our friends from town patronized the play, both on Thanksgiving Night and the Monday following.

The following visitors were also entertained at the College:

Rev. W. Berg, Shererville, Ind., Rev. Young, Garrett, Ind., Rev. Bucard, Delphi, Ind., Rev. F. Janssen, Frankford, Ind., Rev. Horstman

Remington, Ind., Rev. Scimetz, Reynolds, Ind., Rev. Cantus Faist C. PP. S. Fremont, Ohio, Rev. Justin Henkel C. PP. S. Chicago, Ill. Mrs. and Miss Sullivan of Payne, O., Mrs. and Miss Hipkind, Wabash, Ind; Mrs. Ruhlman, Minster, Ohio, Mr. Neary, Kokomo, Ind.; Miss Sophie Wiese, Reynolds, Ind.: Mr. Oscar Mathews, Remington, Ind.; Messrs Thos. and Geo. Herbert, Misses Elma Herbert, Ethel Eck, Florence Eck, Maggie Style, Remington, Ind.; Miss Louise Dambach, Corning Ohio; Mr Birong and wife, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Sholl, Shererville, Ind.; Mr. Keilman, Mrs. McCarthey, Mrs. Quinn, Chicago; Mr. Freiburger, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Bergman, Kokomo, Ind.: Mr. Allgeier, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mr. Hipkind, Wabash, Ind., Miss Schmal, Crown Point, Ind.



Societies.

THE COLUMBIANS are actively engaged in the revision of the society's constitution. The changes will only be slight as the present constitution is an excellent one, but some by-laws having been added in the last few years and a new edition being needed a revision was thought necessary. The society's work does not lack in enthusiasm and its bi-weekly programs and meetings follow in steady succession. Lack of place does not allow us to chronicle all its doings but one example will be sufficient. That is the interesting program of Nov. 19.

Declamation—"Defense of Robert Emmet"A. Wittman.
 Essay—"America and England".B. Wellman.
 Recitation—"Constantius and the Lion".....D. Fitzgerald.
 Song—"The Linden Tree".....Glee Club.
 Debate—Resolved;.....That Foot-ball is Beneficial to the Student
 Aff. A. Scherrieb and P. Graf. Neg. A. Olberding and R. Donnelly.
 Recitation—"Death of Copernicus".....P. Miller.
 Oration—"True Nobility".....J. Scimetz.
 Recitation—"One of God's Little Heroes".....E. Spornhauer.
 Humorous Selection—"Uncle Pete and Massa George".....H. Dues.

At the quarterly elections held in Nov.all the incumbents were re elected except E.Freiburger. J.Scimetz receiving his place on the executive committee.

A.L.S. The Aloysians made their first appearance in public Nov.12. The program prepared was a surprise, snappy, full of that healthy humor which pleases everybody.

Messenger March.....	Orchestra.
Inaugural Recitation—"Independence Bell".....	H.Berghoff
"Race Predjudice".....	M. Green
"A. Mother's".....	J. Burke
"How to Pray".....	L. Brunner
"Paganini".....	N.Snelker
"Kentucky Philosophy".....	O.Muhlenbrink
"Harry Bell".....	B. Brugger
"An Incident of the French Camp".....	J. Donaghue
"Hearts and Flowers".....	Orchestra
"Billie Miller".....	R. Mecklenburg
"Nicholas Tacinardi".....	F. Hanley
"Total Annihilation".....	T. Loechtefeld
"The Sculpter Boy".....	R. Williams
Dramatic Presentation of the Song "Ben Hur".....	Elocution Class

On Nov.19 the members of this society met, re-elected H. Berghoff, F. Gartland, E. Bickel and L. Sullivan, and filled the vacant offices with F. Hanley, B. Voors, O. Muhlenbrink, J. Donaghue, N. Snelker and F. Biekeb.

St. X. G. L. S. —A program of much literary worth was presented by the German society on the feast of their patron St. Francis Xavier.

Aufsatz—"Schiller's Spatziergang".....	A. Linneman
"Vor der Himmel'sthuere".....	G. Pax
Debate— Beschlossen: Dass das Studium der Geschichte nuetzlicher sei als das der Poesie.....	Aff.—E. Olberding. Neg.—P. Wieze
Dramatisches Stueck aus Schiller's Wilhelm Tell.....	V. W. Meagher
"Die Abendglocke".....	T. Koenn
Humoristishes—"Caesar's Rede an seine Soldaten".....	H. Post
Posse—"Die Burgergarde von Anna Toback....	O. Knapke, M. Helmig and F. Lippert.

Marian Sodality.— At a private meeting of the officers held Nov.2, C. Frericks was appointed Sec. and Messrs. J. Mc arthey, F. Notheis, E. Hanley, D. McShane, J. Gores, I. Collins, E. Olberding, W. Coffeen, D. Durler, and T. Koenn, Consulters.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception occurred the distribution of sodality diplomas to an unusually large class.

St.S.A.S. —The acolytes observed the feast of St.Stanislaus by enjoying themselves on that day.

S.J.C.B. —We cannot fail to remark that a commendable military spirit is yet alive at St.Joe's. The drills on Thanksgiving utterly surprised all by their well executed and fancy movements.

BERNARD WELLMAN, '06.



A Celebrated Case.

A CELEBRATED CASE, a four Act Melodrama, arranged for male characters by Mr. Victor Meagher, '06, was presented in the College Hall Nov. 30th and Dec. 4th, under the auspices of the Columbian Literary Society.

The story is a captivating one from beginning to end. Following John Renard, impersonated by Maurice Ehleringer, we see him as a soldier of sterling and heroic character wrongly accused of the murder of his aged father, for whom he had evinced so much solicitude, and condemned to the galleys for life. Adrian, his only son, thus foregoing parental care, becomes the intimate friend of the son of Count De Mornay, the real assassin, whose villainy is brought to light in Act Four.

From the time John Renard appears in the first part of the prologue, when he visits his home, he leaves the impression of a kind father, true son, and devoted patriot. However, he really begins to excite our interest when summoned before the Duke on trial. As the questions are advanced the scene becomes touching: it was enough for him to have lost his father, and now he is indicted as his murderer. How he pleads, but to no purpose. A child, his own child, is brought to substantiate the accusation. At length he bows to fate, till twelve years later, as a convict, he is blessed with the opportunity to meet Adrian, to whom he can communicate his "one thought and one pang." The required attitude of dejection was preserved by Mr. Ehleringer in a remarkable degree, and throughout his tones and gestures were those of a stricken man.

In the impersonation of the villain, who appears later as the Count De Mornay, Mr. Vincent Williams enacted a difficult role in a manner that makes us expect great things from him in the future. In fact, except for a slight tendency to overact, it was even now worthy of an experienced and finished actor. He was as coarse in the first part as subtle and mean in Acts Two and Three.

C. Frericks, as Francis Renard, observed all the anxiety and caution which belong to decrepitude. But for the want of some feebleness in his intonations at times Mr. Celestine Frericks impersonated to an accuracy not often met with. His last pityful accents, blending with the frightened cries of little Adrian (Robert Mecklenburg) greatly affected the audience.

With the grandchild in the trial scene the suspense is increased. Truthfulness overcoming his childlike reluctance he could not refrain from saying: "Papa said that I must not tell that he was at home last night."

F. Gribba as Colonel and Duke D'Aubeterre was an impressive member of the cast during the entire play. Tall and stately looking he was apparently superior in naturalness. His dignity and stateliness and lordling action were much admired.

At home with the Duke was the big hearted and good-natured Isidore Collins as Denis O'Rourke who, especially, seemed to have adapted himself to humorous air which the brogue suggested. A scene could hardly be called complete unless he had a chance to give his opinion of the situation, or to inform us that he is the congenial admirer of the Duke and John Renard.

Valentine De Mornay, (Victor Meagher) and Adrian Renard as young man (Robert Keane), are so closely connected in the play that they admit of no separation. Adrian perhaps owing to the palatial environments of the Duke D'Aubeterre by whom he had been adopted did not feel the privation of a father, though often depressed by the recollection of his last words, "You have killed me, my son, but I love and forgive you," as much as Valentine deplored the

guilt which involved the Count. Valentine in an extraordinary way lived his part giving a perfectly natural expression to the most conflicting emotions that swayed his breast.

In point of naturalness and character portrayal Joseph Seimetz as the Marquis can truly be called excellent.

Linus Hildebrand as Seneschal and Edward Pryor as the Abbe were earnest and decisive. The former will be remembered for the straightforwardness with which he impeached John Renard; the latter for the strength and high solemnity with which he clothed his words; this being especially true in Act Four where he traps the Count De Mornay and amid tremendous excitement hurls at him the words: "You are an imposter."

The minor characters played with hardly less distinction, also the soldiers and convicts, who received much praise for excellent by-play. The play was so well staged and the acting so effective throughout, full of emotional fire and withal smooth, that we feel justified in dealing in superlatives.

All credit to the participants who worked with unremitting care and enthusiasm. We are sure that this first presentation in the new hall will be held a model for all future performances on the new stage for which we are justly proud.

The comment of the Rensselaer papers, which we cannot reproduce here for want of space, was highly favorable.



Athletics.

ON Nov. 12., the second team defeated the Rensselaer H. S. second team in a very interesting game. The college goal was never in danger and the High School boys were outplayed throughout, being able to make first down but twice in each half.

Hilgerink kicked off to Morgan, who returned eight yards. Rensselaer made first down in two plays. Morgan made four yards on a quarter back play. He attempted to repeat the trick but fumbled; Hilgerink picked up the ball

and carried it behind the Rensselaer goal line for a touchdown. He missed goal. Score S. J. C. Second Team, 5; R. H. S. Second Team, 0.

Hilgerink again kicked off to Morgan, who punted the middle of the field. The college boys then advanced the ball by steady gains around the ends and occasional line plunges to the five yard line, when Gerber went over for the second touchdown. Graf missed goal. Second Team, 10; R. H. S. Second Team, 0.

During the remainder of the half, the game became a punting dual between Morgan and Hilgerink, in which the former was out-punted. The half ended with the ball in Rensselear's possession on their own forty five yard line. Score S. J. C. 10; High School, 0.

In the second half of the game the High School played a better defensive game than in the first, but their offense was weaker. Morgan kicked off to Gallagher, who returned the ball ten yards. Graf made five yards outside tackle. Hilgerink on an end run gained twenty yards. Rensselaer then held, and Hilgerink punted to the High School's ten yard line. Rensselaer made first down in three bucks. Michaels made two on an end run. Wertina and Cohen made first down. Morgan attempted a quarter back play, but was tackled by Hilgerink for a loss of five yards. Then he and one or two others tried to raise a disturbance and were ruled out by the officials and as Rensselear was unable to substitute the game was called, with the ball in Renselear's possession on their own twentyfive yard line, and after twelve minutes of the half had been played.

Touchdowns. Hilgerink, Gerber; Referee, Shea; Umpire, Hardy; Timekeeper, Nageleisen; Linesman, Hopkins; Time of halves; 25 and 12 minutes.

With the close of the foot-ball season, the Polo and Basket Ball enthusiasts awakened and formed Leagues. As yet few games have been played, but after the holi-days greater interest will be taken in these sports.

A number of high scores have been rolled in bowling. O'Donnell, Nageleisen and Wellman having the highest.

Chez Nous.

One day not so very long ago Dues resolved to hunt the bunnies, so he went to consult the oracle, Frei. The response was, "If you stand in the right place an animal would be shot." Henry, on hearing this reply by continual and progressive motion arrived by accident in the kingdom of Skunksylvania. Nothing daunted he went to pay his respects to the king of Skunks. He stood in the right place and—!!! Mr. Dues will present every purchaser of a box of toothpicks with a sample bottle of musk distilled by himself.

Everistus:—When were the dark ages?

Walter:—The period before spectacles were invented.

Of late Mathew used his spare time at his desk. Some seeing algebra at his right, geometry at his left imagined he was in for metaphysics. But the jovial sun broke through the misty haze and here is the result: Students have only $16\frac{1}{2}$ days for study—hence they have a fine time of it. Major;—There are 365 days in the year. Minor;—But $\frac{1}{2}$ of them are nights;—hence there are but $182\frac{1}{2}$ good, full days; then come 75 days for vacation which leaves $107\frac{1}{2}$ days; then there are 42 Sundays, which leaves $65\frac{1}{2}$; there are 84 half-days [Wednesdays and Saturdays] making 42 whole days less—leaves $23\frac{1}{2}$; then the 7 holidays leaving only $16\frac{1}{2}$ days for study

Q. E. D.

Dennis getting his first Greek book from the Librarian: "Father" are there any pictures in it?

SONG OF THE BELL.

Kling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-
You hear the merry copper bell?
It's sound is sweet, it's worth is high
For when 'twas bought it wouldn't sell
When yet we slumber in the hall
The restless little copper bell
Doth roam about to give the call,
"You've slept enough" it wants to tell.
While yet we linger on the way,
The little bell again doth call;
And all the same the life-long day
It wants us in the study-hall
And when we're tramping near its lair
The saucy little copper bell
Is not content that we are there:
But "down to work" it e'er must tell.
But best of all the little bell
Speaks out when all our studies through;
And when the hand doth show "'tis time",
Its note is sweet to me and you.
For all 'tis used; for dinner time;
For breakfast and for evening tea:
For studies and for prayer at night.
But best of all for welcome—Free

P. M. '05.